The Arizona Sentinel.

THE SENTINEL, Established in 1870.
THE REPUBLICAN, Established in 1884.

"Independent in All Things."

J. W. DORRINGTON, Proprietor.

VOLUME XVI. YUMA, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1886. NUMBER 4.

PEGGING AWAY.

Oh, well I remember the clustering faces,
That in wonderment peered through the shoemaker's door,
When to sound of his whistle and tap of his hammer,
He often regaled us with bits of his lore,
As often he'd say, with a nod that was knowing,
And a smile that was bright as the sweet summer day:
"I tell you what, lads, there's nothing worth having,
But what you must get it by pegging away.

"You may run the swift race, and be counted the victor,
And yet you but get there a step at a time;
And up the steep ladder where fame keeps her laurels,
If you want to get one, you must certainly climb.
The world it is only a broad piece of leather;
We must shape it ourselves to our last as we may,
And we only can do it, my lads, as I tell you,
By pressing and molding and pegging away."

Oh, the years have been long, and the shoemaker's vanished;
Adown the dark road we must journey alone;
But often I think of the wisdom hid under
His whimsical jest and his fatherly tone.
And often I've proved the truth of his saying,
As misfortune and I together still stray,
That all the best gifts the world has to offer,
It only gives those who keep pegging away.

—*Birch Arnold, in Chicago Advance.*

MAD MONARCHS.

The Prevalance of Lunacy Among Royal Families.

Ludwig—Ivan, the Cruel—Paul—Constantine—Saul—Nebuchadnezzar—Tiberius—Domitian—Theodoric—The Three Charles—Frederick William.

Alexander III., Czar of all the Russians, we are informed, has shown unmistakable symptoms of insanity. This is rather startling, coming as it does, so close upon the incidents attending the forced deposition of the late King of Bavaria. King Ludwig, it will be remembered, was deranged for several years, and completely wore out the patience of his courtiers and officers by his innumerable eccentricities. But the strangest feature of the case is that, after his removal and suicide in Starnberg lake, the individual who fell heir to his position is also deformed in mind. Although Ludwig was bad enough, his brother and successor, Otto I., is much worse. Ludwig was not so insane but that he had frequent lucid intervals, but Otto is apparently without reason at all times. As an evidence of his condition, we are informed that he is continually under the restraint of appointed keepers, and is allowed to appear in public only upon special occasions.

But lunacy in royal families is no novelty, as all readers of history are aware. Kings are just as liable to become insane as are peasants, and disease of the mind will taint the blue blood of monarchs as readily as the more sluggish stream that courses through the veins of the serf in his hovel. In the royal family of Russia this fact has been signally exemplified. Alexander III. is not the first of his race whose mind has become clouded by hallucinations. Indeed, a short research will develop the fact that over one-half of the present Czar's predecessors have been either lunatics or monsters, and in numerous cases, both.

Among the early Muscovite rulers was Ivan the Cruel, who bore a prominent part in the history of Europe in the sixteenth century. He did much for his country in the advancement of art and commerce, as well as for its extension by force of arms. He it was that concluded the advantageous treaty with Queen Elizabeth, after the discovery by the English of the northeast passage to Archangel. But at length his mind fell into a morbid, suspicious condition, and for a quarter of a century he was a misery to himself and a terror to those surrounding him. The least movement of a servant or courtier was, in his distorted vision, an attempt upon his life, and his suspicions were always relieved by the death of the supposed offender. At one time he labored under the idea that the people of Novgorod had entered into a plot to deliver their city and the surrounding country to the King of Poland. As a punishment for this imaginary offense he issued a ukase that condemned to death sixty thousand inhabitants of the unfortunate city. From the advices received concerning the condition of the present Czar one would infer that in his suspicions he somewhat resembles his remote ancestor, Ivan the Cruel.

In the seventeenth century we find that the strain of mental deformity in the family of the Czars had become so strong that, of the four sons of Alexis, only Peter, afterward called the Great, was of sound mind. And even the humanity of the latter could not wholly atone for his numerous acts of cruelty. He was unforgiving to such a degree that he ordered the execution of his own son, Alexei, and punished with implacable fury all who had been implicated in the treasonable plots of the young Prince. His life, too, it is stated, was brought to a miserable end by habitual dissipation and excesses.

Catherine II., the last of the four rulers in the female line, while not an imbecile, was so weak-minded that she gave up the entire control of the Russian Government to her scheming favorite, Gregory Potemkin. Her son Paul, who ascended the throne in 1795, was always weak in intellect, and after reigning five years became so deranged that his subjects strangled him in order to get rid of him. Alexander I., who was crowned after the assassination of his father, was of such a humane and benevolent disposition that he was styled "the Northern Telemague," but, according to Thiers, even in him were found traces of hereditary insanity. His brother Constantine was afterward excluded from the throne on account of a predisposition to insanity.

The cause of the tendency of the Czars toward infirmity of mind is not readily discovered. Whether it is produced by a sense of the dangers with which they are at all times encompassed through plots and intrigues, or whether it is the result of unlimited authority, is uncertain. It is a curious fact, however, that the same taint may be found in the ruling families of all absolute monarchies. It was apparent in the actions of the Kings of ancient Assyria, in the cruelties of the Emperors of Rome, and in the imbecility of certain of the Princes of India. King Saul was a man of ability and judgment when placed over the Israelites, but power made him a madman and led him to destruction. King Nebuchadnezzar was at the head of one of the most absolute governments known to history, and we find him suffering from some unknown malady which historians regard as a certain form of insanity. The famous Babylonian monarch recorded in an inscription recently deciphered: "For four years the seat of the Kingdom did not rejoice my heart. In all my dominions I did not build a high place of power. The precious treasures of my kingdom I did not lay up. In Babylon buildings for myself and the honor of my kingdom I did not lay out. In the worship of Merodach, my lord, the joy of my heart, in Babylon, the city of his sovereignty and the seat of my empire, I did not sing his praises. I did not furnish his altars with victims, nor did I clean out the canals." From the description here given it would be difficult to arrive at any other conclusion than that Nebuchadnezzar was laboring under insanity during the four years of which he speaks.

Although many of the Roman Emperors were monsters in human shape, Tiberius and Domitian surpassed all the others in the insaneness of their actions. The former, a man of fifty-six when he donned the purple, began his reign with apparent wisdom and clemency, but soon gave way to the intoxication of power. He shut himself away from the people on the island of Capera, and from that retreat ordered those who had incurred his displeasure to be put to death in the most shocking manner. Domitian also began his reign with mildness, but he, too, could not withstand the temptations of absolute authority, and became, if possible, more infamous than Tiberius. Both these Emperors, while they are regarded by all as unnatural tyrants, are thought to have been themselves victims of lunacy, and thus not without some excuse for their cruelty. Theodoric the Great, founder of the Ostrogothic monarchy, during the latter years of his reign was the victim of hallucinations. The origin of these was a crime. Blinded by jealousy, and yielding to the evil counsels of his favorites, he ordered the venerable statesman, Lymmachus, one of the most upright men of the age, to be put to death. Scarcely, however, had the order been carried into execution when the King was seized with remorse and began to reproach himself for the deed. His mind, strong as it had been, gave way to the strain, and he became haunted with direful visions, which accompanied him to the end of his life. As an example of this, it is related that one day a new kind of fish was placed upon his table, when he suddenly uttered a cry of terror and informed his courtiers that the head of the fish was like that of the murdered Lymmachus.

Several of the Kings of France have been mentally infirm. Among these was Charles VII., the Victorious. The closing days of this monarch were rendered miserable by the undutiful conduct of his son, who afterward became King under the title of Louis XI. and was known as "the Tiberius of France." The young Prince was continually plotting against his father, until the latter finally became broken hearted and deranged. He had an ever-present fear of assassination, and utterly refused food, lest it should be poisoned. He passed several successive days in voluntary confinement without partaking of nourishment of any kind. After much deliberation his council resolved that force be employed to rescue him from the horrible death he was bringing upon himself through the fear of death. Nutriment in the form of jellies were accordingly administered, but it was too late. Nature, thus cruelly outraged, refused to rally, and Charles VII., after a successful reign of thirty-eight years, went down, a crazy old man, to the miserable death of starvation.

Charles IX. of France was next thing to an imbecile from his youth, but after Catherine de Medici had induced him to sign the decree that sent thousands of innocent persons to eternity in the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, he became a confirmed monomaniac. At the time of the execution of his order all the brutality in his nature exulted, and he heard with joy the shouts of the murderers in the streets of Paris. But a harrowing remorse afterward took possession of him. Visions of blood startled him at all hours of the day and night. He became a prey to the most direful fears. At one moment he would break forth in violent exclamations, and would then relapse into the quietude of heart-rending despair. He heard voices in the air reproaching him for his cruelty to the Huguenots, and the ghosts of his murdered victims never forsook his presence. His faithful physician, Ambrose Pare, never deserted him, but no relief could be afforded the troubled monarch. For many months prior to his death he could scarcely rest at all, and when he died it was in the midst of the agonies and grief of an avenging conscience.

Charles XII. of Sweden, sometimes styled the Madman of the North, is another case of royal lunacy. In some respects he was a man of ability, but in one direction he was a monomaniac. This was his all-consuming passion for conquest and military glory. His country was at that time the most powerful nation of the North, and his great desire was to extend its boundaries until he should be at the head of a nation which would equal that governed by Alexander the Great or Genghis Kahn. He did have some successes, but at length he attacked the Russian Empire, and the Russians, under Peter the Great, taught him that the power of his ambition was not a sufficient substitute for the power of arms. Charles was one of the most obstinate of men, and would agree with no one. He was at swords' points with the monarchs of surrounding countries all his life. To be sure, he did form an alliance with the Sultan of Turkey, but it was only for a short period. On one of his visits to the Ottoman Empire he quarreled with the Sultan and had to flee from the country for safety. At home he was the same as abroad. He never was at peace with the officers of his court, he kept his family in a continual turmoil, and when his death finally came, in the twenty-first year of his reign, his Kingdom deemed themselves well rid of their "brilliantly mad" monarch.

While Frederick William, father of Frederick the Great, can not be said to have been a confirmed lunatic, he was undoubtedly of deformed mind. This was apparent in the closing years of his life. He became cynical and hypochondriacal. His mind ran almost continually on the subject of religion, and he forbade his family to converse on any other topic. He seemed to enjoy nothing else so well as punishing his children. The young Prince and his eldest sister were flogged upon the slightest provocation. They were compelled to eat and drink unwholesome or nauseous articles, and the King frequently afforded himself diversion by spitting in their dishes while at table. His brutality toward the youthful Frederick at length arrived at such a pitch that one morning he seized him by the collar as he entered his bedchamber, and beat him with his cane in the cruelest manner until forced to desist from sheer exhaustion. The Princess, too, did not escape corporal punishment, and the old tyrant often struck her with his crutch, upon one occasion knocking her down and trampling her under foot. These irregularities were continued for several years, ending only with the death of Frederick William, in 1740.

In more recent times the case of George III. is too familiar to all readers to require any explanation. In India the royal dynasty has become so weakened that they may be denominated a race of imbecile princes. This deformity of mind is sometimes natural and sometimes is produced by dissipation. As an example we may cite the experience of an English Embassador to one of the Indian courts. On his arrival at the palace of the sovereign the envoy was conducted through a long suite of magnificent apartments, lined by officers clad in the grandest apparel, to a sort of reception-room of a still more costly description than those he had already traversed. In a short time two persons of high rank entered, and were followed by a number of slaves bearing a litter covered with rich silks and cashmere shawls of immense value.

On the couch reposed the King—a mere human form, devoid of the power of motion. The litter was deposited on the floor, and one of the officers, raising the head of the apparently lifeless Prince and replacing his lolling tongue in his mouth, poured a few drops of a black liquid down his throat. After repeating this operation three or four times the medicine began to take effect, and the King began to evince consciousness. He raised himself into a sitting posture, and, after looking about for some minutes, was ready to receive the foreign Embassador and transact business. The Englishman afterward learned that the monarch was a victim of the terrible opium habit, and that for twenty hours out of every twenty-four he was as helpless as when he had been carried into the reception-room. The case of King Theebaw is of such recent date that it is familiar to all. The mania of this King was in the direction of cruelty. He put all his relatives to death in order to insure his own stability on the throne. He buried hundreds of his subjects alive in order to appease certain irritated spirits that threatened him with affliction. Five hundred victims were at one time, under his decree, offered as a propitiary to the gods. Yet, during the perpetration of these outrages, the people were too week to rebel against their lunatic monarch, and suffered their pangs of terror in silent despair.—*Clem V. Wagner, in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE FARM OFFICE.

Why Every Agriculturist Should Have a Place for His Books and Papers.

You need some kind of an "office," even if it only amounts to desk space in one of the family living rooms; in other words, some quiet corner where you can place a roll-top desk or the old secretary, and where you will always have good ink, pens and paper, and other conveniences for writing or figuring, and be sure of finding account and memorandum books, receipt files and other papers, just as you left them. And speaking of good ink, in how many households can good black ink and a decent pen be found? Homœopathic ink, as thin as some city milk, and a corroded, spatter-work pen are poor incentives to keeping accounts, making memoranda of observation and bits of experience, or writing business letters. If there is room to spare in the house, and you can have a "library," we suggest that you make that your office; a table will answer the purpose of a desk if it has a drawer or two that can be locked, though there is nothing quite so convenient for a business man as a few spare "pigeon holes" for letters, receipts, etc. Place your books upon convenient shelves—pine shelves stained with asphaltum and turpentine look very well—and add to them as you have means to spare; make a rack for your agricultural periodicals, and see that no number is missing, as, of course, you file your papers for future reference; hang a few good pictures of fine stock on the walls and your "office" is complete. There will be no excuse then for trying to carry all the farm accounts and the details of your business in your head.—*Our Country Home.*

The Proper Thing.

"Did you hear that Isaacs, the pawnbroker, had recently been presented with triplets?" said Sam Sample.

"No," replied Peabody Jamison. "But it is quite the proper thing."

"Why was it?"

"Three bawls, you know."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—Some one says that a man who has been struck by lightning can not swim. He doesn't want to swim. What he needs in nine cases out of ten, after being struck by lightning, is a cheap and unostentatious funeral. — *Norristown Herald.*

QUEER AMMUNITION.

Roman Candles as Successful Weapons of Offense and Defense.

"One of my adventures, eh?" began the book agent, as the others settled into their seats more comfortably. "Well, about eight years ago I carried a pack of novelties, such as you frequently see exhibited on the street corners and presided over by a sunburned Italian. With another man and a young fellow of eighteen, I traveled through Kansas to the Colorado line, selling and trading our wares to the Indians for any thing marketable in the cities. About the time of our arrival in the western part of Kansas the memorable Indian outbreak was terrorizing the country. From the south and west came reports of the terrible outrages perpetrated by the Indians and greasers. Houses were burned, the inmates were killed instantly or tortured to death and all the cattle were driven off and scattered. You may be sure I felt considerable solicitude concerning the safety of my little party and took extra precautions to find secluded spots when camping. Of course, under the conditions, I deemed it advisable to get out of the neighborhood immediately. To do so we found it necessary to pass through the country most likely to be infested by straggling bands of Indians. Despite the risks we determined to make the attempt. After a long, hard day's tramp, we encamped for the night in one of those small canyons so prevalent in Western Kansas. It was an excellent place, too. Our backs were effectually protected by a natural cave in the side of the bank, the entrance to which was concealed by brush and tall grass. Sam, the boy of the party, was an unusually bright young fellow and very familiar with the tactics of Indian warfare. Just before lying down I noticed him untying a good sized bundle of sticks resembling short broom handles. He placed them in easy reach and tumbled down to sleep. I had also noticed him fumbling around the bushes a short time before, but didn't pay much attention to his actions. The other fellow and myself concluded not to set a guard, as we were in such an excellent place. I don't know how long we had slept when we were awakened by Sam shaking us slightly and whispering:

"'Be quick now, the Indians are getting ready to slip in on us.'

"By this time we were both wide awake and ready with our rifles.

"'Listen,' whispered Sam: 'hear the dirty scamps slipping up. Put down the rifles, I've got something better.'

"He handed us each of the four sticks mentioned, remarking:

"'Them's Roman candles. I've got a pile of whoppers along and I think we can scare these scamps clean out o' their hides.'

"I caught the idea in a moment and strained my ears to listen for further demonstrations from the attacking party. We could hear them creeping here and there through the bushes, scarcely making a noise, but easily distinguished in the silence of the night.

"'Now,' whispered Sam, 'take two in each hand and I'll light them.'

"Suiting the action to the word he contrived to light them in rapid succession. Then we turned them into the bushes and heavens, what a sight was revealed as the candles flashed. About fifty villainous-looking savages and greasers were stooping and creeping along toward us. At the first flash they stopped as if spell-bound. We turned them so the green and white balls would strike them in their faces. The candles were tremendous affairs, and eight or ten of them popping away apparently independent of human aid was enough to terrorize any one. Our assailants wavered a moment, then, and with a terrible yell, bounded away toward high ground as if the evil one himself was in pursuit. We could hear them scramble up the hillside, mount their horses and gallop away. Sam afterward explained that he had brought the candles along as a side speculation, and he also explained that he had arranged a system of strings among the bushes so that no one could approach very close without meeting the obstruction and alarming him. It is needless to state that we reached safe ground in due time without further molestation."—*Omaha Herald.*

A Contemptible Old Duffer.

Two hard-looking fellows yesterday accosted a business man on Larned street with a request for alms. He put his hand to his ear and quietly replied:

"You'll have to speak louder; as I am deaf."

One of them yelled the request in his ear, and he shook his head and said:

"Perhaps you have an ear-trumpet with you? I can't make out a word you say."

The one was about to try it over again, but the other plucked his sleeve and whispered:

"Come away, Jack. I struck this same old man last summer, and he gave me a nickel and made me sign a receipt for twenty-five cents. Let's do straight business or none at all."

The pretended deaf man passed on, but somehow it didn't seem to him as if he he was very much ahead.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Virtues of Irish Poplin.

Many leading modistes are impressing upon their customers the virtues possessed by Irish poplin. This fabric never creases, does not wear shiny, and is, so to express it, everlasting wear. It can now be purchased in charming evening tints of peach, almond, Persian lilac, tea rose, etc., so that Irish poplin can be very appropriately worn for full evening costume or for bridal gowns, more especially if trimmed with its very proper accompaniment, the best of real Irish point lace. In darker shades poplin is not too dressy for the requirements of street wear, being at the same time as durable as any material now manufactured, not excepting the simple, homely homespun goods themselves.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

PITH AND POINT.

—A new book is entitled "Hold Up Your Heads, Girls." We trust that they won't as long as they wear the present style of hat.—*Boston Post.*

—Many a man who thinks he is going to set the world afire finds to his sorrow that somebody has turned the hose on him.—*New Haven News.*

—Patient: "What do you think of a warmer climate for me, doctor?" Doctor: "Great Scott! man, isn't that just what I am trying to save you from?"

—Mrs. Minks: "I see the Empress of Austria says she dearly loves Americans." Mr. Minks: "Well! well! Is she going to act or lecture?"—*Omaha World.*

—"Was she his wife?" asked a married woman of an acquaintance. "Yes. Why do you ask?" "Because they were so jolly together. You don't often see married people jolly together in public, you know."—*Harper's Weekly.*

—Women do not swear, but the profanest man in America would give five dollars if he could imitate the expression of a good woman when she hits her thumb with the hammer and says: "Mercy on me!"—*Burdette.*

—Teacher—The object of this lesson is to inculcate obedience. Do you know what to obey is? Apt Pupil—Yes, marm; I obey my pa. "Yes, that's right. Now tell me why you obey your father?" "Because he bigger'n me."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—Old lawyer (to young partner)—Did you draw up old Moneybag's will? Young partner—Yes, sir; and so tight that all the relations in the world can not break it. Old lawyer (with some disgust)—The next time there is a will to be drawn up I'll do it myself.—*N. Y. Sun*

—Minister (in grocery store)—I am pleased to see, Mr. Sugarsand, that motto on the wall, "Honesty is the best policy." It will pay you from a business point of view, to say nothing of any thing else. Mr. Sugarsand (hopefully)—I hope so, sir; but I haven't tried it long enough yet to make a fair test of it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Youth (in the barber's chair)—I say, do you think I'll ever have a mustache? Barber (after thorough examination)—Well, I can't say as I do. "Hem, that's vewy odd. Why, my gov'ner has a tremendous mustache." "Ah! that may be; but perhaps you take after your ma!"—*Worcester Gazette.*

—"No, George," she said, "I can not marry you. I shall always esteem you as a friend, but I can not be your wife." George hesitated. "Clara," said he, brokenly, "will you grant me one favor before I go away forever?" "Yes, George," she replied, kindly. "What is it?" "Please put your refusal down on paper. I'll feel safer."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—The son of a butcher had great difficulty in fractions, although his teacher did his very best. "Now, let us suppose," said the teacher, "that a customer came to you father to buy five pounds of meat, and you father had only four to sell—what would he do?" "Keep his hand on the meat while he was weighing it," was the candid answer.—*Chicago Standard.*

MONKEY INTELLIGENCE.

A Claim That It Does Not Display Itself in a Penchant for Mimicry.

The authority of Scripture (I Kings, x:xxii) warrants the belief that monkeys formed an article of commerce as much as twenty-eight centuries ago, so that no lack of time can have prevented us from studying their habits; yet it would hardly be an overestimate to say that nine hundred and ninety-nine of a thousand men persist in the belief that monkeys have a passion for imitating the actions of their two-handed kinsman; that, for instance, an ape, seeing his master shave himself, would take the first opportunity to get hold of a razor and scrape or cut his own throat. Now, how could that idea ever survive this age of zo-ological gardens? Marcus Aurelius held that the sum of all ethics was the rule to "love truth and justice, and live without anger, in the midst of lying and unjust men." Yet the occupation of a monkey-trainer would put that tolerance to a severe test. With an intelligence surpassing that of the most intelligent dog, a monkey combines an ultramulish degree of obstinacy, and, rather than imitate the demonstrative manipulations of the kindest instructor, he will sham fear, sham lameness, sham heart-disease, and generally wind up by falling down in a sham fit of epileptic convulsions. I have owned monkeys of at least twenty different species, and have never been able to discover the slightest trace of that supposed *penchant* for mimicry. A boy may take off his coat and turn a thousand somersets, Jacko will watch the phenomenon only with a view to getting his fingers into the pockets of the unguarded coat. Litt up your hand a hundred times, Jacko will witness the proceeding with calm indifference, unless a more emphatic repetition of the manœuvre should make him duck his head to dodge an anticipated blow. He has no desire to follow any human precedents whatever, and the apparent exceptions from that rule are, on his part, wholly unintentional and merely a natural result of anatomical analogies. An angry hamadryas baboon, for instance, will strike the ground with his fist, not because any Christian visitors have ever set him that bad example, but because his forefathers have thus for ages vented their wrath on the rocks of the Nubian highlands. A capuchin monkey will pick huckleberries with his fingers, not in deference to civilized customs, but because his fingers are deft and long, and his jaws very short. Nay, that same capuchin monkey, admitted to a seat at the breakfast table of a punctilious family, would be apt to show his contempt of court by sticking his head in the pudding-dish. The compulsive methods of professional trainers may modify that perversity, but during recess the redeemed four-hander is sure to drop his mask, and, unlike a trained dog, will never volunteer the performance of a popular trick.—*Dr Felix L. Oswald, in Popular Science Monthly.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

Recitation for Little Girls.

I.

I am Spring, a little maiden
With green leaves and blossoms laden.
See the soft blue sky above me—
All the birds and children love me—
Me the world is glad to greet,
I bring breezes fresh and sweet.
I am Spring

II.

I, too, am a welcome comer,
Every one is glad of Summer.
I bring many happy hours,
And I bring the lovely flowers.
From school I let the children out;
I echo every laugh and shout.
I am Summer.

III.

I am Autumn, blithe and gay,
Only a little while I stay.
I give fruits with lavish hand
I bring colors rich and grand;
Beauty follows where I go,
Making hills and valleys glow.
I am Autumn.

IV.

I am Winter, merry and bright,
I cover earth with a mantle of white,
I bring clear and bracing air,
I bring sports both rich and rare:
Though winds and storms I have about me,
Nobody would do without me.
I am Winter.

ALL (joining hands).

We are the four glad Seasons
That come to you every year,
Bringing a bounteous measure
Of health and comfort and cheer.
You give us a hearty welcome,
And we thank you here to-day;
But Seasons are ever flitting,
We must say good-bye and—away!

—*E. L. Brown, in Golden Days.*

EVERY ONE FORGOT.

The Queer Country Which Georgie Visited, Where No One Could Remember Any Thing.

Georgie meant to be a good boy, but he very seldom did any thing that he was told to do. He nearly always forgot it. Once, when his sister May was very sick, he was sent after some medicine for her. So he started in a great hurry; but he met Fred Smith with his dog, and Fred coaxed him to go and coast "just once" down the long Red Hill. Then he forgot all about May and the medicine until it was quite dark, and he felt so sorry and ashamed that he ran home and crept up the back stair-way to bed, hungry and lonely and cold.

By and by he fell asleep, and when he awoke he was in a new and strange place. He found himself in house which was only partially covered by a roof, and the rain came in through the uncovered part and dropped upon his bed. Georgie sat up and looked around him. There was a fire place in the room, besides some wood and kindlings, which the poor, shivering little fellow eyed very wistfully, thinking that some one might perhaps light a fire. It was very chilly, and his teeth chattered. There was a wee old woman sitting in the chimney corner, and George spoke to her.

"What is it that you want, Jimmie?" she said.

"Will you please tell me what your name is, and where I am?" he asked.

"My name—well, really, I forget it just now," she replied, "but you are in land of short memories—that, I am aware of!"

"But what shall I call you?" asked Georgie.

"Oh, call me Mite! That will do as well as any other name till you forget it, Henry."

"My name is Georgie."

"Is it? Well, I will try and recollect it. 'Tom,' you said it was, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't!" retorted Georgie, getting cross with the old lady, for he thought she meant to tease him.

"There, there!" cried Mite; "the doctors said that you must not get excited, or else that you must, I forget which. Do you want any thing to eat?"

"Yes, I should like to have some gruel."

"I will make you some," said she. "I have a nice fire here, or I should have, only that I seem to have forgotten to light the kindlings."

"While she was bustling around, busy with the gruel, Georgie lay quite still, looking out where there was no roof, at the blue sky, which he could now see, for it had ceased raining.

"Why don't you have the roof cover the whole of your house?" asked Georgie of the old lady.

"The rest of the roof is somewhere around," said she. "I guess the workmen forgot to put it on. Now, here is your nice gruel all ready for you."

"Why, it is cold!" exclaimed the disappointed Georgie, who was quite hungry.

"Sure enough; I forgot to boil it!" said the old lady.

"And I don't see any thing in the bowl but water!"

"Dear me! Dear me!" said Mite. "I must have forgotten to put any meal in it!"

Georgie now began to cry.

"Don't cry, don't cry, Johnnie," said Mite, "I will boil a chicken for you by and by, if I don't forget it. Here are the doctors coming to see you now, and you must sit up and talk to them."

Pretty soon two doctors came in, and one of them asked Mite if she felt better to-day.

"Yes, I think I do," said she.

"Did you take the medicine I ordered for you?" asked the other doctor.

"I suppose I did, but I don't remember," answered Mite.

Then the doctor felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, and said she must take some salts, and went away. Georgie began to cry louder than before.

"What is the matter, Fred?" demanded Mite.

"My name is not Fred, I tell you!" screamed Georgie.

"Never mind; I always forget your name, so I call you by anything I can think of. But tell me what makes you cry?"

"Why, I am sick, and I thought the doctors were coming to see me!"

"Bless my stars!" exclaimed the old lady, "sure enough, I was not the one that was sick! I meant to have remembered and told the doctors that they came to see you; but I forgot it when they looked at my tongue. I'll run after them and call them back!"

So, away went Mite, and was gone ever so long. When she came back, she said she could not find the doctors anywhere, and everybody had forgotten where they lived, so that no one could go after them. "I'm sorry," said Mite, "but it can't be helped, for you know we live in the Land of Short Memories."

Then Georgie cried more bitterly. "I wish I could go home," he siad, "I am sure I shall die here! I wish I could go home! I would never forget to mind mother again!"

As soon as he had said this, he heard a familiar voice pleading: "Ma, mayn't I go for Georgie's medicine? I won't forget to bring it!"

Georgie turned slowly in his little bed and saw his sister May. Next, his eyes rested on his mother, who looked very pale and thin, but sweet and smiling.

"Oh, ma, have I come back to you?" he cried, with a sigh.

"We hope so, Georgie," replied his mother. "You have had a bad fever, just like May's, and been very sick, but you soon will get well now."

"Did May die because I forgot her medicine?"

"No. Father came home and got it for her, and she is well now, and has helped me take care of you; but you have not seemed to know her, and have called her Mite ever since you were taken sick."

"Mother," said Georgie, very earnestly, "I am going to try not to forget things any more!"

And Georgie did try. When he became well, he was sent upon errands; he always thought of Mite, and the gruel, and the doctors, and the Land of Short Memories, where he went in his fever-dreams, and he was cured of the very bad habit of forgetting his duty.—*S. S. Colt, in Home Visitor.*

A BABY OUT OF BED.

The Trouble Caused by a Young Tiger Who Tumbled Out of Its Cage.

All the bells of a village will ring when a child is lost. Tigers can ring no bells, but they have savage affection enough to make loud "music" when one of their children is missing. We smile at the commotion in a hen-yard over a misplaced chicken, but when a "Royal Bengal's" baby falls out of bed, the fuss the father and mother beasts make about it is likely to be terrible rather than comic—especially if a lot of other wild creatures join in with them in their outcries. The Philadelphia *Times* gives the following incident at the "Zoo:"

In the menagerie there are six as lithe and brightly marked tigers as any body ever saw. One morning at daylight the keepers were surprised by an unusual commotion among the cat-animals. The men got out strong ropes, lassoes and nets, believing that some of the more formidable of the wild beasts were out of their dens. They approached the wide stairs cautiously and entered the room. The tiger-den was a scene of fierce confusion, and the other animals shared the excitement. The men advanced to the front of the den and were met with demonstrations of anger.

Lying close to the wall in one corner was a huge Bengal tiger, and at her side a pair of beautifully marked cubs, with eyes closed like young kittens'. With cries of wonder the men gazed at them, for they were only a day old. Still they could not understand why all the wild beasts should seem so restless. One of the keepers, following the eye of a huge panther, shouted:

"Look, boys! One has got out and is on the floor!"

One cub had crept through the cage and tumbled out, and wandered around until it had tired out and gone to sleep. When one of the men carefully picked it up it uttered a feeble cry. The scene that followed made those men, used to danger as they are, white with fear. The tigers bent the bars of their cages, and the lions roared in unison with the shrieks of the other animals.

To attempt to put the cub through the bars into the cage from which it had fallen was certain death to whoever undertook it, for with their long forearms and their curved claws the tigers would have torn to shreds whatever had been in reach.

Finally one of the cooler-headed keepers took the little speckled, sightless beast, and climbing up the end of the den, opened the small hole left for for ventilation, and dropped the cause of all the trouble at the feet of its mother. She tenderly placed it beside her other offspring, lay down herself, and in two minutes the cunning-looking kitten was taking its nourishment, and every thing soon quieted down.—*Youth's Companion.*

Answered the Trumpet Call.

Rev. J. G. Wood, the well-known English writer on natural history, relates the following true story in his recent book on the horse:

"Some years ago an elderly gentleman died, leaving to his widow all his property, including an old and staid horse. It so happened that there was a review in the neighborhood, and the old lady, who was stone-deaf, drove over to see it. During the maneuvers a regiment of cavalry passed her, and as they did so the trumpeter blew on his instrument some signal, which she, from her deafness, did not hear. The horse, however, heard and understood the trumpet call. Old as he was, he sprang off at full speed, galloped into the ranks, and put himself in line with perfect accuracy. The signal to charge was then given, and off went the horse with his comrades. The old lady shrieked and dragged at the reins to no purpose. Where the regiment went the horse went; when it wheeled he wheeled, and when it charged he charged, dragging his expostulating mistress after him throughout the whole of the maneuvers.

"After the review was over the officers crowded round the old horse, who evidently had belonged to the cavalry, and offered a very high price for him, in order to make a regimental pet of him. The offers, however, were refused."—*Harper's Young People.*

—The freight on apples from New York to Liverpool is sixty-two and one-half cents a barrel, and a good quality brings from three to four dollars a barrel.—*N. Y. Tribune.*